

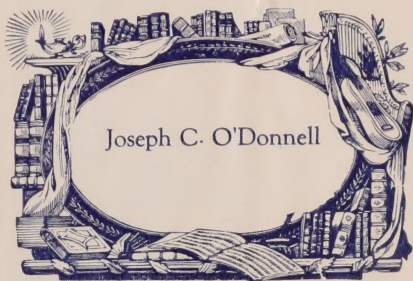
SPORT ON LAND
AND WATER

VOLUME V



RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



FALTER AND FALL

SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

RECOLLECTIONS OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD



VOLUME V

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To
The Tuna Club

AVALON
CATALINA ISLAND
CALIFORNIA

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THE PINK COAT WEDDING RUN

"THE PINK OF PERFECTION"

THE PINK COAT WEDDING RUN

IT was a hot night even for India and the punkah boys at the officers' mess of the XIII Hussars were working overtime in an attempt to cool the air.

Colonel Marjoribanks, having finished his coffee and cigar, was deep in thought at the head of the long mahogany table.

The talk in undertones had been as usual of sport. Polo, pig, and tiger, each had had its innings when finally someone exclaimed, "After all give me a day's hunting and I will forget the sports of the tropics before the first check." These words had caused exclamations of "Hear! Hear!" from both sides of the table.

The Colonel, aroused by this, joined the conversation with, "As I was saying — we have but one year more in this

cursed climate before we return to Merry England where I, for one, hope to renew my youth in the hunting field. Let me tell you about the great pink-coat wedding run:

A short time after I was married, my wife and I were invited by Lord Knossington to stop at Braunston Hall for the wedding of his daughter, the Honourable Cynthia Langham, to Captain Grantham, then the master of the Belvoir hounds.

We arrived at Braunston the night before the wedding in time for dinner and found an attractive party of brave men and fair women assembled to do honour to the bridal pair.

The dinner that night was an event never to be forgotten for, in addition to the house party, some twenty of the smart hunting set of the neighbourhood had been invited to drink to the health of the bride that was to be and to the popular master of the best pack of hounds in Great Britain.

As I said, it was a sight to remember, a collection of pretty women flanked by pink coated young sportsmen, all bearing the trade mark of outdoor life on their merry weather-touched faces.

After the dinner was over and the house party was left to its own devices, the ladies retired and we men adjourned to the billiard room, shed our pink coats, donned smoking jackets of silk or satin, and settled down for a serious talk and a pipe of peace before retiring for the night.

I found our host standing before the fire explaining that the picture over the mantel was Surplice, the winner of the Derby of 1848, by Touchstone out of the great mare Crucifix, and bred by Lord George Bentinck.

He said that Surplice was the sire of the dam of Prince Charlie and also of Pylades, the sire of North Lincoln, the sensational colt of 1858 and 1859. He went on to relate how ill-luck had pursued Lord

George in his attempts to win the Derby; how, when he decided to retire from the turf and enter politics, Surplice had been sold with his other horses and had been bought by Lord Clifden in whose "brown jacket and white cap" he had won the Derby.

He further told that Lord George was closeted with Disraeli when he received the message telling him that Surplice had won.

It is said that he groaned aloud and seemed heartbroken. "To think," he said, "how many years I tried to win the Derby and failed, and now my colt, out of my mare Crucifix, wins in the colours of another man." Disraeli tried to comfort him. "But you do not realize what the Derby is," said Lord George. "Yes," replied Disraeli, "it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf." That, Lord Knossington said, was the origin of the epithet that stands to this day.

I wandered over to the corner of the

room where three brother officers were in deep conversation. I say brother officers for they had all been in my regiment, the IX Lancers, although two of them had exchanged, one to the XV Hussars, and the other to this gallant regiment, the XIII.

They were all three hard-riding men of the first flight, and at Melton with their studs for the hunting season.

One was Captain Duncan of the IX, known as "The Crasher," a fine polo player and as pretty a horseman as ever threw a leg over a horse. Beside him on the sofa sat Charlie Vane Finch of the XIII, the best mounted man in the Shires and known as "The Pink 'Un" on account of his beautiful complexion, a gentle, quiet man on a horse but always there and undefeated either out hunting or between the flags.

Standing in front of the sofa with his hands in the pockets of his blue silk smoking jacket, stood Captain Topper, known

as "Timber Topper" owing to his predilection for jumping timber. He always claimed that rails were the safest obstacle to jump as the worst was in plain view whereas a hedge often hid the impossible.

When I joined them they were each praising the qualities of the horses that they were to ride on the morrow, for after the pink-coat wedding there was to be a lawn meet of the Belvoir Hounds at Braunston Hall by invitation, to celebrate the nuptials of the gallant master and our host's fair daughter.

The discussion continued as to the staying powers of the respective horses they proposed to ride the following day.

Duncan claimed that his mare Recluse by Ascetic and he by Hermit, who won the sensational Derby in a snowstorm, was bred to stay and was of the best blood for hunter purposes, while Finch said his horse Punjab by Bengal and he by Bend Or was of just as stout blood and quite as clever a jumper as the mare.

Captain Topper supplemented these remarks by the assertion that his horse Tally Ho by Harkaway was quite as well bred as either of the other horses, and insisted that he was the better animal as he had had more experience in the Shires than the other two hunters.

I suggested that as they were so confident of the superiority of their respective mounts, they should make a match for the morrow.

After much talk and banter it was decided that they should each put up a pony and that the seventy-five pounds should go to the man whose horse finished the run in the best condition.

It was to be no pounding match for each man was to ride his own line. Only the staying qualities and the condition of the horses should decide the bet.

I was appointed judge, for they had discovered that I was to ride as my first horse my wife's mare Stolen Kisses, acknowledged to be the best performer

stabled at Melton, and, as I rode but eleven stone at the time, they thought that barring accidents I would be at the finish of the run.

They felt certain that there would be a run as Lady Wood harboured at the time a celebrated fox whose qualities were well known.

It was late when we adjourned to bed. The billiard room was deserted, for even the fire had gone out.

At breakfast the following morning the company was divided between the older generation in corded breeches and pink coats, the normal dress of the hunting country gentleman, and the younger division in smoking jackets with linen aprons tied around their waists to preserve their well pipe-clayed leather breeches.

The village church was but a short distance from the house. When I arrived there it was crowded and the riot of colour was astonishing — an almost solid mass of scarlet, with here and there the fuss



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

and feathers of a dowager or the dark habit of a Diana of the chase.

The masters of the Quorn and the Cottesmore were both there, as well as the huntsman and whips of the Belvoir in new liveries — in fact almost every man in that church wore a new pink coat, and when the bridal pair left the church they passed through a line of scarlet-coated sportsmen four deep.

We then adjourned to the house to drink the bride's health and enjoy our host's good cheer.

Half an hour later when I walked out on to the terrace a sight greeted me that can only be seen in its full splendour in our native land.

In front of the house there was a wide gravel sweep, which, with the broad avenues that led to the house, was crowded with every kind of horse-drawn vehicle from a coach-and-four to a pony cart.

Beyond the gravel sweep was a broad expanse of lawn backed by a grove of

beech trees. Coming across this expanse of turf was Goodall surrounded by the best pack of hounds in the world and followed by three whips and two second horsemen.

The fourteen couple of hounds were so alike in colour and conformation that to a novice they looked absolutely alike but to me, who had passed many hours in the summer on the flags at the kennels, they were individuals, each hound having his own special characteristics. I could even at that distance call many of them by name and easily distinguish the offspring of the celebrated Gambler.

I further saw before me the pick of the hunting field of England — six hundred of the élite not only of men and women but of the best horses in the world as well.

Over against the wood was a group of second horsemen who added a touch of more sombre colour to the picture.

I had just found my horse when suddenly at some signal that was indiscernible



THE FLIGHT OF HURDLES

the huntsman and whips turned and trotted off with the hounds towards Lady Wood, and behind them streamed all the horsemen and horsewomen, the carriages and the carts.

Knowing the ways of a fox, and the country as well, I did not follow the field into the lane that led to the covert, being aware how difficult it would be to get a good start in such a crowd.

I slipped around the corner of the wood and waited, listening to Goodall's voice as the hounds drew cover. A fox was soon on foot.

It was not long before I heard Goddard the first whip's well known: "Tally-ho! Gone Away! Yarry-Yarry! Away! A-w-a-y!!" from the lower end of the wood.

When I reached the downwind side of the covert I saw the hounds streaming across the cream of the Shires, a beautiful grazing country consisting of great pastures strongly fenced with hedge and bull-

finch and the gaps stopped with stout rails.

For the first fifteen minutes it was straight and very fast going, leaving little chance for those who had not secured a good start.

A score or more were with the hounds at the first slight check near Langham Mill, where I saw Captain Topper and was reminded of the match made the night before.

The line led towards Ranksborough and the hounds, favoured with a good scent, stuck well to their fox and rattled him through the gorse.

On they sped, crossing the road that runs between Melton-Mowbray and Oakham, and it was not long before I saw the Whissendine facing me.

There was much hesitation here but I pulled my mare together, and picked a good place near a pollarded willow tree. Stolen Kisses bounded over the brook like a deer, and I now had nothing before me but the hounds.

This sensation did not last long, for the hounds stopped suddenly and threw their heads up on reaching a few acres of freshly ploughed land and spread themselves out into the form of an open fan. The old hounds, which had been outpaced, took charge and old Rally and Grasper began to puzzle out the line of the hunted fox.

I can see the wet plough with the hounds hunting, and it almost makes me feel cool, for it seems as if I could perceive the smell of the newly turned earth.

It was not long before Goodall arrived and, with a peculiar shrill whistle lifted the hounds, trotted through an open gate, and with a "Yew-att! Yew-yatt!" from the huntsman, the hounds picked up the scent on the grass beyond and raced along a high thick hedge.

It now looked as if Leesthorpe was the objective but hounds kept straight on and it was here that I lost my place, for I jumped into the end of a narrow lane, a cul-de-sac out of which it took me some time to extricate myself.

From here on the ground was on the rise, and ahead of me going up the slope I saw Captain Duncan on Recluse. The mare was trotting and relapsed into a slow jog as I passed them.

The hounds pulled the fox down just beyond the slope overlooking Whissendine Pastures, a good five miles as the crow flies from Lady Wood.

As I turned my mare's head to the breeze I saw Captain Duncan's hunter falter and fall as she reached the top of the incline, and I went to his assistance and heard his story.

He said he had a good start and rode a line well to the right of hounds, and when they bore to the left below Whissendine village he had much ground to make up. This and the pace had so distressed his mare that she had barely lasted to the end of the run.

But Duncan won the bet as the other two sportsmen did not turn up at the finish.



THE CUL-DE-SAC

I heard later that the "Pink 'Un's" hunter put his foot in a springhole when fording a bottom and left his rider in the Slough of Despond, and that "Timber Topper" had a bad fall over a flight of hurdles and was a long time on foot chasing his horse.

It seems there was great grief. There were empty saddles and loose horses on all sides, caused by the great pace and our host's old port, for many a man attempted to jump fences that day who had refrained from doing so for years.

The pink-coat wedding run was a topic of conversation for many years."

The Colonel's story was interrupted by the clear notes of a bugle sounding taps, the notice that another day in a soldier's life had come to an end.

BACKING THE WRONG HORSE

BACKING THE WRONG HORSE

IT was always a pleasure to listen to Colonel Marjoribanks for he had a keen eye for a country and a marvelous memory, and if one was fortunate enough to know the country he described it was easy to follow him. One day at tiffin he told the following tale.

I was here in India in the '90s when I received my majority and hurried back to England to join my new regiment, the IX Lancers, which was quartered at York at the time.

I arrived home at the end of October and having no horses wrote to Hames at Leicester to ask if he could mount me on the opening day of the Quorn at Kirby Gate.

The answer came back by wire: "You will find a grey mare awaiting you at Manning's yard, Melton, on morning of hunt."

I passed the night before the opening day at Somerby with a soldier friend who had a hunting-box there for the season and drove to Melton the following morning.

On arriving at Manning's the stud groom told me that there was a grey mare in box 7 and that the groom who had brought her had disappeared.

I had little time to spare, so, going to the box designated, I found what I was looking for — a fine upstanding grey mare covered with fawn clothing marked with an H.

It did not take long to strip her and I was soon jogging towards Kirby Gate.

There was a great crowd at the meet. I do not remember seeing ever before so many people at the opening day of the season.

The Quorn Hunt was at its best at that



THE GREY MARE

time, for Lord Lonsdale was the master and Tom Firr the huntsman, and the whips were beautifully mounted on clean-bred chestnut horses, and the whole establishment was as nearly perfect as possible.

One does not expect much sport on the opening day of the Quorn owing to the great crowd, but the unexpected sometimes happens and that day provided the best run of the season.

The master gave the order to draw Adam's Gorse. Firr and his hounds had hardly entered the topside of the covert before a fox stole out of the lower end only to be headed back by the the great crowd, for the countryside swarmed with people on foot. The fox luckily managed eventually to get away and escape being chopped in covert.

At the beginning scent was not very good but the hounds hunted the line slowly up to the crossing of the road to the left of Twyford. They then settled down and

ran smartly for ten minutes towards Thimble Hall and, bearing to the left, crossed the brook. They streamed over the railway and turned sharp to the right. I was one of the fortunate who had turned to the right on seeing the railroad; those who went to the left were thrown out and missed the fun.

The hunt continued on between Marefield and John O'Gaunt towards Halstead and crossed the gully near Tilton station. The hills were steep and the going heavy but luckily the pace was not very fast. I was charmed with my mount. I had never ridden a hunter before so much above my weight, and found it most useful in this difficult country. I made up my mind that if Hames could supply me with horses of this quality I would in future job horses, not buy them.

We climbed Whadboro' Hill and hounds checked beyond the cross-roads, but Firr put them right and we soon found ourselves in Launde Park Wood and were

THE HILLS WERE STEEP



glad to have a few moments for a breather. I was surprised to find that by this time the field had dwindled from six hundred horsemen to about fifty.

Hounds hustled the fox about the wood and drove him out over the Hog's Back down into and across the valley beyond. Leaving Loddington to the right, we crossed the turnpike between East Norton and Belton. Here I saw a pink-coated sportsman in a dogcart waving his hat and supposed he had come to grief, was looking for his horse, and had become excited by seeing us cross the road.

With quickening pace we raced on between Vowe's Gorse and Horninghold. Here the fox seemed undecided for he turned away from Blaston, rose the hill, and suddenly disappeared on the threshold of Nevill Holt.

A dead fox weighing fifteen pounds was found at the edge of Adam's Gorse two days later. It was supposed that it was our fox and that he had been coursed

and killed by a sheepdog when on his way home after the hunt and still too stiff and sore from his exertions to escape the teeth of his enemy.

It was a glorious hunt, a twelve mile point in a little over two hours. The mare that carried me so well was done to a turn.

As I dismounted I saw a rotund pink-coated man approaching, who was red in the face with rage and was talking a steady stream of incoherent language.

With difficulty I managed to make out that he was Heinrich Hoggenheim of the Stock Exchange and that he was accusing me of not only stealing his mare but of riding her to death as well. He kept repeating: "She will die, she will die, look at her pants." I told him not to worry, that she would soon revive.

It seems that when he arrived by train from London and went to Manning's yard his mare was not to be found, and his groom was too drunk to know what had become of her. He hired a dogcart with

some difficulty and drove to the meet hoping to find the mare, but arrived after hounds had moved on, so followed the hunt as best he could and first saw me on the grey when hounds crossed the road near Belton.

I tried my best to explain matters but Mr. Hoggenheim had never heard of me or of Hames, nor was he inclined to accept my apologies although I offered him a mount on my hireling for the following day. I then proposed to buy his mare at the price he had paid for her. Praising his property seemed to please him so I told him the truth, that I had never had such a ride in my life before.

It finally was settled that I was to leave the mare with him and take the dogcart back to Melton and settle for it. This I willingly agreed to.

As I drove away the last thing I heard was:

“Mein Gott, she will die, look at her pants!”

REDDY AND DAN

OR

THE HUNT TO BLARNEY WOOD

DO FOXES THINK?

“NOT long ago the huntsman of a well-known pack of hounds noticed that his hounds changed foxes on several occasions at the same place in a certain wood. He instructed the earth-stopper to watch the wood. The earth-stopper reported that he had seen the hunted fox go to ground in a drain. A fresh fox immediately appeared and led the hounds off.”

Bailey's Magazine

REDDY AND DAN

OR

THE HUNT TO BLARNEY WOOD

THE meet it was at eleven sharp
At the Irish Inn of the Golden Harp;
The countryside was all agog
And country yokels from field and bog
Assembled there to see the hounds,
For sport in Ireland has no bounds.
There was Captain Blake of the Galway
Blazers,
Clean shaven by the best of razors;
And Major Straight from Balanahinch,
A soldier brave to the very inch;
Little Derry O'Neill on a likely horse,
A rolling stone that gathers no moss;
The parson in black on his cob was there,
A preacher quite tall and dark and spare

The ladies all from Blarney Hall
Were blonde and slender and very tall,
And, mounted on the best of cattle,
Were clad in khaki as for battle,
My Lady on an old time saddle,
Her daughters all in boots a-straddle.
The Colonel in command of troops on duty
On his well-bred chestnut mare, a beauty,
And, if one believes all one reads in the
 “pa-i-pers,”
He almost won that fight at “Y-pers.”

The whip came first on service bent
With watchful eye and sport intent;
The horse he rode was Paragon,
And fifteen couples followed on,
With sterns erect and glossy coats
Whose names reminded one of boats:
Clipper, Captain, Pilot, Sailor,
Topsail, Taffrail, Stoker, Whaler;
Gambler taking every chance
Was trotting on beside Freelance;
Warrior thinking not of fight
Was joined by Peaceful on his right;

The virtues three, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Now passed with Laughter and Hilarity;
Bachelor walked alone and staid,
And Tippler never left Barmaid;
Mephisto crossed to Rubicon
And Pontiff followed slowly on;
Gladsome, Rapture, and Impudence
Now strolled along with Diffidence;
Beautiful, Bashful, Juliet,
Followed by Romeo and Capulet;
Then Fairy and gay Columbine
Tripped along with Valentine;
Jocular, Joyful were the lot
That measured time with the horses' trot;
In fact the names that those hounds bore
Would more than number a full score.
The huntsman gay in correct array
Was mounted on his faithful grey.
This horse was known the country round,
A clever jumper and quite sound;
Though blessed with the name of Dreamer
To jump and gallop was a screamer.
The Master next in line did pass,
Lord Blarney wore a one-eye glass;

His Lordship looked his very best
With scarlet coat and yellow vest;
He rode the Clinker for first horse;
His groom was mounted on Red Cross.

Now down the road this cavalcade
Rode on, as if on dress parade,
To Poorhouse Gorse for the first draw,
For the tardy ones had had their law.

The gate was opened by a young spalpeen
That led to a banked and stoned boreen.
The grass was green, the bracken brown,
The frost had made the sap run down.
No sooner turned loose the covert to draw
Than the huntsman a welcome magpie saw.
He quartered the wood from east to west
And drew up wind as is always best.
A whimper here and a whimper there
Let the sportsmen know 'twas a fox's lair.
Two blasts of the horn and the "Yoicks"
of Dale

Were welcome to us, for it told the tale
That the varmint was there
With sport in the air.

Just then on the wind the music and cry
Of hounds that were busy with blood in
their eye

Was wafted toward us on the southerly
breeze.

No notice more welcome, nor could music
more please

Than the "Tally-Ho! Gone! — Away!"

Which followed that day.

"Now catch them who can," the hunts-
man said,

With the wink of his eye and a shake of
his head.

They now settled down and ran with a will,
Flew over the meadow and raced up a hill,
Hunting with pains, with vim and with
trouble,

Over the plow and through the rough stubble.

Passing the ancient inn called "The
Feathers,"

Then skirting a field full of sheep and some
wethers.

The brook in the bottom was full to the brim,
This caused some trouble, for the hounds
 had to swim,
But the field full of zest
Jumped it six men abreast.

The scent had been good and was now
 breast high,
And they flitted along as a swallow would fly,
They packed well together as birds of a
 feather,
With Carnage at head and Tempest on
 weather.
Old Grasper trailed on at the end of the
 bunch,
He was steady if slow and *he* had the hunch
That when the fox turned it would be his
 chance then,
To lead in the chase that exalted all men.

The land is drained by brooks and ridges
That must be jumped or crossed by bridges.
The banks are built of sods and rocks,
That bother good horses as well as corks.

To jump them clean is out of the question
 So on and off is the best suggestion.
 The trees on banks are there to bind them
 They bother all men and sometimes blind
 'em.

The hounds pressed on and then up a
 hill,
 And few of the horsemen were with them
 still.

The falls were many and the grief was great,
 The Master had fallen at the very first gate.
 The parson fell at a narrow bank,
 The earth was soft and the grass was rank.
 The huntsman said to Derry O'Neill,
 Who was riding well up on his horse
 Lochiel,
 "He won't be wanted till Sunday next,
 'Who falls is damned' ought to be his text."

The Colonel's horse hit a fence so hard
 That it caught the Colonel off his guard,
 And so disturbed his self-conceit
 That he very nearly lost his seat.

He jammed his hat on with a will
And swore he would be with them still.

Reddy and Dan, two brothers fond,
Were whelped in a wood not far from a pond.
As cubs they played at seek and hide
Behind the copse on the downhill side,
But when they grew to man's estate,
They became more careful and more sedate,
They hunted mice and poached together
And learned to understand the weather.
Dan was solemn and remained at home,
But Reddy was gay and loved to roam.

A vixen young lived in Poorhouse Gorse
Ten miles away by road and horse.
She lived in an earth on the side of the hill
From there you could see to Ballybegg
Mill.

The door of the vixen's earth faced south
And moss had clustered and furnished its
mouth.

Here oft of a night Reddy loved to dwell
And watch the moon rise over the dell.

The day before the Blarney Wood run
Reddy ran over for a few hours' fun.
Out of the West came this gay Lochinvar
From Blarney Wood ten miles afar.
Reddy by name and ready was he,
Game for a lark or game for a spree.

After hours of joy in the moon's bright light
He curled in a ball and shut his eyes tight;
It thus came about when the hounds came
to draw,

That Reddy was dreaming of love, not of
war.

First to the earth that was close to the lea,
This he found stopped with the branch of
a tree.

He thought of the vixen safe under ground,
Safe from the turmoil, safe from all sound;
He whiffed the air with his pointed snout,
Then turning his head looked round about;
He boxed the compass as fast as he could
For his life depended on Blarney Wood.
He crossed the wood and then came back,
By doing this trick he soiled his track.

He hurried and scurried across the ride
And left the covert on the down-wind side.
He crossed the meadow at his very best pace
And he did it so well that he wiped the face
Of Rattler, the very best hound in the
bunch,

Who was racing with Gambler, Judy, and
Punch.

He jumped at the brook but found it too wide
So shook himself dry on the landing side.
Now over the plow and down ridge and
stubble

He slipped in the mud, he slid in the
rubble.

He avoided the Inn where the yokels
assemble,

And in the sheep-pasture the sheep made
him tremble.

Here the hounds lost his smell

For you never can tell,

The scent of a fox

When he passes through flocks.

Then he jumped a high paling,

And the hounds which were trailing,

Were hampered and had to go round.
 This thought of Reddy's saved him some
 ground.
 Here huntsman, the whip and the field
 were stumped.
 The men were game but the horses pumped.

Reddy sometimes turned sharply back
 And crossed his own fresh beaten track;
 For a fox is as full of ways and wiles,
 As the country is of gates and stiles;
 Yes, just as full of ways and wiles
 As a maiden is of tears and smiles.
 Just back of Ballybegg Mill
 He breasted up the Gartree Hill.
 Here he was hunted by crows in a bunch
 Whom Renard disturbed at their mid-day
 lunch,
 For every crow hates every Rover,
 This is what happens the whole world over,
 By right or by wrong but always with
 "Caws,"
 They rate and they rant that Renard
 breaks laws.

In Blarney Wood there was a drain
Quite dry and warm and free from rain;
Across the road at edge of wood,
Where years before an old house stood.
Jaded and tired and now well spent,
He reached this refuge his god had sent.
From the other end like a Jack in the Box,
Emerged a fresh and well-groomed fox —
'Twas brother Dan who wide awake
His brother's place was ready to take.
He sniffed the air and looked around
Testing the wind, then smelling the ground.
He twisted, turned, and crossed the scent
That Reddy's pads had left when spent.
He raised his head and cocked one ear,
Then jumped the hedge by two feet clear,
And settled down close to the ground
And ran as fast as could any hound.
He knew the country like a book —
Each tree, each woodland, every brook.

When hounds arrived at Blarney Wood
And reached the drain where the old house
stood,

They hunted back and forth some time,
For to lose the fox would be a crime.
Then hitting off the fresh fox-scent
The youngsters started off and went
As fast as ever good hounds can,
Not fast enough to catch bold Dan.
The young hounds led old hounds astray
For Grasper alone remained away;
Wise was he — with nose to ground
He never left the drain he found.
The old hound knew that the Rover lay
Not very far off beneath the clay.

Dan's mind made up, the line he chose
Led straight away to Old Man's Close.
This home of monk or nun of yore
Had cracked and crumbled to the floor.
Beneath this pile of rock and spelter,
Were drains and holes that gave good shelter;
And there he knew no man or hound
Could follow him below the ground.

When Dan arrived at Old Man's Close
He turned around and raised his nose,

He smelt the keen, cool evening air
Then sought the comfort of his lair.
When his pursuers came into sight
They cast about to left, to right,
No fox or varmint could they find
And were much puzzled in their mind.
They roamed about that blessed night
Some to henroosts, some to fight.

They reached the kennels at early morn
Hurried along by sound of horn.
The lads were grooming down the gees
As hounds arrived by twos, by threes.
To judge by looks and their demeanor
Blarney Wood was *anathema*!

The huntsman stood at the kennel
gate,
For he had much to contemplate.
’Twas he who said to Pat McGrew,
“We both have done all men could do,
Hounds must have changed at Blarney
Wood —
If we’d been there they never could.”

When Dan came back to Blarney Wood
Beside the drain his brother stood,
He scratched his snout and looked around,
Then measured his length upon the ground.
A fox that runs and gets away
Is fit to run another day.

THE ONE MILE RECORD

“ TIME IS, TIME WAS AND SOON SHALL BE
NO MORE ”



THE ONE MILE RECORD

IN the early days of racing in America stamina, not speed, was supposed to be the chief qualification of a good racehorse, and to prove the stamina most of the races were of four-mile heats.

That the horses of those days must have been of stout quality is proved by the fact that Black Maria made her début in a two-mile heat race and that during her career she started in twenty-four races of four-mile heats.

That this severe treatment was not supposed to have injured her qualities as a broodmare is apparent, for when she was retired from the turf she was sold for \$4000 to the Hon. Baylie Peyton, who then and there started the Peyton Produce Stake "for colts and fillies dropped in the

spring of 1839, to come off over the Nashville Course in 1843 with a subscription of \$5000 each, \$1000 forfeit, four-mile heats."

Black Maria's produce headed the list of nominations.

When the stake closed there were twenty-nine subscribers. On paper this was the most valuable stake ever planned.

On the day of the race only four starters went to the post, among them being a filly out of Black Maria by imp. Luxborough, and the race was won by the filly Peytona by imp. Glencoe — Giantess by Leviathan.

We also find that Boston when eight years old covered forty-two mares in the spring of 1841, and that in the autumn of the same year he won four races of four-mile heats before he was beaten by Fashion the first time. She defeated him again the following year in a "Match for \$20,000 a side, four-mile heats."

When Lexington lowered Lecompte's time in the celebrated match at New

Orleans and ran the four miles in $7.19\frac{3}{4}$, his fastest mile was the first which was timed as $1.47\frac{1}{4}$, but in the same year — 1855 — a three-year-old named Henry Peritt is said to have run one mile in a two-mile heat race in $1.42\frac{1}{2}$, which at that time was considered phenomenal.

England discarded heat racing as well as races of four miles and the American turf slowly followed suit.

From 1870 to 1880 heat races were dropped, and, although an occasional four-mile race, such as the Bowie Stakes at Baltimore, was run, dash races of from one to two miles and a half became the custom.

The first noted miler was Alarm by imp. Eclipse-Maud by Stockwell who ran a mile in 1871 in $1.42\frac{3}{4}$.

In 1876 Ten Broeck by imp. Phaeton-Fanny Holton by Lexington lowered the four-mile record to $7.15\frac{3}{4}$, and the following year ran a dash of a mile against time in $1.39\frac{3}{4}$.

In the 90's the whole system of racing underwent a change. "Snapper" Garrison and Tod Sloan introduced the modern jockey-seat with short stirrups and "end to end" racing was introduced.

The race tracks were no longer deep with sand but were scraped, combed, and rolled and the turns graded, and everything was done to promote speed. Sprinting became the fashion and even the length of Cup races was reduced.

In 1890 there was a straight mile at Monmouth Park, over which course a horse named Raveloe had run in $1.39\frac{1}{4}$, yet it was Ten Broeck's time of $1.39\frac{3}{4}$ that Salvator was asked to lower at Monmouth Park on August 28th, 1890.

Salvator, by Prince Charlie-Salina by Lexington, was a grand chestnut horse with four white legs and a white face, and belonged to Mr. James B. Haggin. He was four years old at the time and carried Ten Broeck's weight, 112 pounds.

The Meeting was extended one day

because it had been necessary to postpone this important event on account of rain. The track was good but not fast.

Isaac Murphy, the stable jockey and the best horseman of his day, having been suspended by the stewards, was not allowed to ride, so Marty Bergen was given the mount.

Salvator was accompanied by two pace-makers, Rosette and Namouna, two smart sprinters from the Haggin stable. Although the latter started two yards beyond the post, Salvator getting away to a flying start caught her at the first quarter in $23\frac{1}{4}$ secs. and beat her twenty lengths to the half mile in $47\frac{1}{2}$ secs. Rosette then took up the pace-making. The three quarters was passed in $1.11\frac{1}{2}$ with Rosette a length in front.

Here Bergen, who had been sitting quite still, began needlessly to use his whip, for Salvator wanted no urging as he was a good-tempered free-running horse and ready to do his utmost.

As he neared the finish the excitement was intense for it became quite evident to the crowd that the mile record was about to be broken. A wild scene followed when the figures $1.35\frac{1}{2}$ were hung out.

It was a great performance, but I believe it would have been even better if Murphy had had the mount, for he knew the horse and the horse knew him.

Tenny attempted to break this record in 1891 at Brighton Beach, but sulked as he picked up his second pace-maker at the half-mile pole and finished the mile in $1.40\frac{3}{4}$.

The next sensational mile was run on the Syracuse track in 1914 by Amalfi in $1.36\frac{1}{4}$.

Two very fast miles have been run in England in races. Caiman, by Locohatchee-Happy Day and bred at Rancocas, New Jersey, ran a mile in 1900 when a four-year-old and carrying 128 pounds in $1.33\frac{1}{5}$ at Lingfield, and at Manchester in 1902 Bachelor's Button, a three-year-old

carrying only 102 pounds, is supposed to have covered a like distance in $1.32\frac{1}{5}$.

Time as quoted in England is not official nor is it as a rule authentic. I do not mean that Benson's chronometers are not correct, but as there are no timing flags in England it is impossible for the timer to know exactly when the horses pass the starting post. When I was in England and we wished to time a race, we always compared two watches and sent one of them to the start.

As most of the courses in England are either straight or have but one turn, the wind has to be considered. We ran several trials at Newmarket with a free-running horse to test the windage and came to the conclusion that the difference between a strong fair wind and a strong head wind was between five and six seconds over the Rowley Mile.

In the autumn of 1917 Billy Myer, the superintendent of the Saratoga race course, was instructed to improve the track. The

result of his good work was beyond all expectation, for it became the fastest course that was ever raced over, and new records were made at almost all distances run during the Summer Meeting of 1918.

On August 6th Sun Briar ran the mile in a race in $1.36\frac{1}{2}$, and on the 27th Pigeon Wing set the mark for five furlongs at 57 secs.

On August 21st Mr. Andrew Miller allowed his gelding Roamer to attempt to lower Salvator's mile record of $1.35\frac{1}{2}$ made in 1890.

Roamer, by King Errant-Rosetree II, a small but perfect piece of horseflesh, with undoubted courage and wonderful action, appeared on the course for his supreme effort. He carried 110 pounds and was ridden by Shuttinger, his regular jockey. The track was fast.

The two-year-old Lightning accompanied him to the post. The start was in the chute behind the stand. Roamer broke in front and never had Lightning as a



ROAMER

King Errant - Rosette II

contender, for he ran the first half mile in 47 secs., the next furlong in 12 secs., the six furlongs in $1.10\frac{1}{5}$. The seven furlong post was passed in $1.22\frac{2}{5}$. Here with the finish in sight Shuttinger used his whip and the final furlong was timed in $12\frac{2}{5}$ secs. and the mile in $1.34\frac{4}{5}$.

The result was acclaimed by the cheers of the thousands who had witnessed the fastest mile ever run in America.

Roamer has had a noteworthy career, for as a two-year-old he won the Saratoga Special. As a three-year-old he won twelve of his sixteen starts and the following year his record was thirteen starts and eight brackets. As a five-year-old he lost his form and won but one race but regained it the following year, winning seven races and being unplaced four times in seventeen times of starting. As a seven-year-old he rounded too slowly but was in great form at Saratoga when he reduced the mile record to $1.34\frac{4}{5}$.

It is difficult to compare the performance

of Salvator and Roamer, as the tests were under such different conditions. While Roamer had a much faster track to run over, he had two turns to negotiate. Salvator's mile was run on a still day over a straight course.

Roamer had the benefit of his regular jockey riding in the modern fashion, while Salvator was ridden by a strange jockey who was very nervous and who sat in the upright position of the period.

Roamer had no pacemakers, yet he is naturally a free-running horse and in his best races has almost always been his own pacemaker.

If one takes the performances of the contemporaries of these champions into consideration, it will be found that on the day that Roamer made his record, Motor Cop, a good horse, ran a mile in $1.36\frac{4}{5}$, and on August 28th, 1890, the fast mare Señorita negotiated a mile in $1.42\frac{1}{2}$.

These comparisons would make Roamer's

mile 2 secs. faster than Motor Cop's, while Salvator travelled 7 secs. faster than Señorita.

This would lead one to believe that the Saratoga track was several seconds faster than Monmouth Park on the day that Salvator's record was lowered by the gal-lant little horse Roamer.

TIME SUMMARY

	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	Mile
Salvator	$23\frac{1}{2}$	$47\frac{1}{2}$	$1.11\frac{1}{2}$	$1.35\frac{1}{2}$
Roamer	$23\frac{2}{5}$	47	$1.10\frac{1}{5}$	$1.34\frac{4}{5}$

FOXHALL

“LEST WE FORGET.”

FOXHALL

THE Woodburn Stud was founded in Kentucky in 1856 by Robert Aitchison Alexander who, although born in the State, had been educated at Cambridge University under the guidance of his uncle, Sir William Alexander.

Mr. Alexander was possessed of large means and in time established the most formidable stud in America, and his yearling sales in the month of June were attended by sportsmen from all parts of the United States and Canada.

His colours, blue and white, first appeared on the American turf in 1856.

It was he who purchased Lexington from Mr. Richard Ten Broeck for \$15,000. While Mr. Alexander was in England in 1856, looking for a stallion and unable

to find just what suited him, he met Mr. Ten Broeck and bought Lexington who, having gone blind, had not accompanied the American stable of racehorses to England.

Lexington had a long and remarkable career in the stud at Woodburn, for he remained there, excepting for a brief visit to Illinois during the Civil War to escape the Union cavalry, until his death on July 1, 1876.

He sired in twenty-one seasons about six hundred horses of both sexes; of these two hundred and thirty-six were winners. In one season he sired the great triumvirate Norfolk, Asteroid, and Kentucky.

No great son succeeded him in the stud but his daughters were the greatest producers ever known in America.

Mr. R. A. Alexander died in 1867 and the Woodburn stud was continued by his brother A. John Alexander.

It was here that Foxhall was foaled in 1878.



FOXHALL

King Alfonso - Jamaica

In 1879 Mr. James R. Keene purchased the yearling by King Alfonso-Jamaica by Lexington-Fanny Ludlow and she by Eclipse-Mollie Jackson by Vandal.

King Alfonso was by Phaeton-Capitola and she by Vandal. Vandal was by Glencoe and Phaeton by King Tom and he by Harkaway.

In King Alfonso's pedigree there are five crosses of Waxy and two of Glencoe, and Jamaica has three crosses of Waxy, one cross of Glencoe, and six crosses of Diomed.

The yearling was named Foxhall after Mr. Keene's only son and was sent to England with Don Fulano. He was at first trained at Bedford Lodge and later placed in the hands of that capable trainer, William Day.

As a two-year-old Foxhall did not greatly distinguish himself. He won two small races, the Bedford Stakes and the Bretby Nursery Stakes, and was beaten by Savoyard, a very moderate horse, on the only

other time he started. Charlie Wood had the mount in these three races.

He made his début as a three-year-old in the City and Suburban Handicap with 6 stone 8 pounds and ran second to Bend Or with 9 stone in a field of twenty-four starters.

He then started a 2-1 favorite for the Grand Prix de Paris and, well ridden by George Fordham, won by a head from Tristan piloted by Fred Archer. Tristan had run unplaced to Iroquois in the Derby ten days previously.

The Grand Prix was run on June 12th. The horse was hurried back to England to be beaten on the 16th by Robert the Devil for the Ascot Gold Cup. He then won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, his stable companion Don Fulano running second.

His next start and his greatest performance was in the Cesarewitch Handicap of two and a quarter miles. He was not mentioned in the early betting but a

week before the race was quoted at 5-1 and started at 9-2. This was brought about by the American "Plunger" Walton who having heard of the trial the horse had run backed him heavily.

The race was between Foxhall and Retreat for the greater part of the journey but Retreat tired and Foxhall won an easy race by twelve lengths with Chippendale second and Fiddler third.

Foxhall, a three-year-old, carried 7 stone 12 pounds and was ridden by W. McDonald, and Chippendale, a five-year-old, carried 8 stone 12 pounds.

This great performance created a sensation in England. The opinion of a popular writer of the day was:

"If the Americans continue to send us such animals as Foxhall and Iroquois few of our noblemen and gentlemen will long remain on the turf, for it is evident that Foxhall can give lumps of weight to all our three-year-olds and beat our four and five-year-olds over two and a quarter miles.

When a horse wins by twelve lengths you cannot handicap him with others he has beaten."

Foxhall then won the Select Stakes ridden by Archer with 8 stone 10 pounds and followed this by winning the Cambridgeshire Handicap carrying 9 stone, including a 14 pound penalty, and obtaining his revenge over Bend Or who started a 9-2 favorite. Foxhall was quoted at 10-1. Foxhall ridden by Watts won by a head from Lucy Glitters, a three-year-old, with 6 stone 7 pounds, Tristan being a neck behind the mare.

Foxhall had accomplished the impossible and he was given full credit for his feat as follows:

"It was a grand race most gamely contested. Foxhall has accomplished the best on record before which the good performances of Saunterer, Blue Gown, Sterling and Roseberry all pale. The opinion expressed by one of Newmarket's most experienced trainers after Foxhall had won

the Cesarewitch — ‘that he was the best horse we had seen for a quarter of a century’ — is more than confirmed.”

Before the race Mr. Keene’s agent offered to match Foxhall against Bend Or weight for age over the last mile and a half of the Beacon Course for one or two thousand pounds, but the offer was declined.

As a four-year-old Foxhall made his first appearance in the Gold Cup at Ascot which he won. Only three horses started. The Duke of Beaufort’s Petronel and Faugh-a-Ballagh were Foxhall’s only competitors.

“A splendid race which resulted in the victory of Foxhall by a neck which would probably have been reversed had the three-year-old Faugh-a-Ballagh been started without orders having been given his rider to serve Petronel.”

Tom Cannon who rode Foxhall had ignored the three-year-old who passed the stand the first time at least eight lengths in the lead.

The following day Foxhall attempted to give 6 pounds to Fiddler in the Alexandra Plate of three miles and failed and was retired to the stud.

Fiddler, who defeated Foxhall on his last appearance on the turf, was by that good American-bred horse Preakness by Lexington.

Foxhall and Iroquois won so many great races during the season of 1881 that it has ever since been known as the American Year on the English turf.

These two horses never met. William Day who trained Foxhall says: "Foxhall was 16 or 18 pounds a better horse than Iroquois, for Bend Or in the Cambridge-shire gave Foxhall 8 pounds for the year and received more than that beating. Bend Or gave Iroquois 14 pounds in the Champion Stakes and defeated him easily as did Scobell at even weights."

This conclusion is hardly fair for to my certain knowledge Iroquois had been allowed to loaf after the St. Leger and was

far from fit when he started for the Champion Stakes.

Scobell had run unplaced to Iroquois both in the Derby and in the Leger.

That good sportsman, Lord Falmouth, had allowed Archer to ride Iroquois in the Leger notwithstanding that he had Bal Gal as a starter, and after the race wrote to Mr. Lorillard as follows:

“Your horse looked exceedingly fresh and well. In the preliminary canter he went much the best of the field, moving with great freedom and full of action. Indeed, I never saw him move better. The race was run at a good pace and the moment that Archer took his place, after making the turn, it was never for an instant in doubt. Iroquois won as easily as he did the Prince of Wales Stakes — I should say with at least 10 pounds in hand.”

Geologist was second and Scobell unplaced.

I asked Archer in 1882 which he con-

sidered the better horse. He replied: "I think Iroquois would win at a mile and a half, beyond that distance I cannot say."

Archer had not only ridden both horses but had also ridden against them in many races. He was a fine judge of racing as well as the most successful jockey of that day.

This is not related for the purpose of decrying Foxhall or giving undue praise to Iroquois. They were both great race-horses.

Foxhall, although given the greatest opportunity, proved to be a disappointment in the stud.

The best of Iroquois' get were: Gotham, Helen Nicholls, Tammany, and Bangle the winner of the Brighton Cup.

Foxhall's winnings on the turf amounted to a total of £12,561.

CELEBRATED RACE MARES

“ PLACE AUX DAMES ”

CELEBRATED RACE MARES

THE more one studies the history of the thoroughbred race horse, the more one is impressed with the fact that when it comes to racing the fillies are inferior to the colts, yet from time to time great individuals have appeared on the turf which have not only been the equal but sometimes far superior to any colt of their generation.

The great Hungarian bred mare King-csem won fifty-seven races and was never defeated.

Another such filly was Lord George Bentinck's mare Crucifix. She won eleven races in succession including the Two Thousand, One Thousand and the Oaks and broke down after the latter race. Her winnings amounted to £11,000.

She was the dam of the good racehorse Surplice, which won the Derby of 1848.

Surplice was the sire of the dam of Prince Charlie.

Virago by Pyrrhus the First-Virginia was foaled in 1851 and belonged to Mr. Padwick. She is described as "a beautiful rich but rather dark coloured chestnut with a little white on her off-hind pastern, standing about sixteen hands high, very powerful and lengthy; a small and generous head, with a short straight neck, but a little upright on her fore-legs; very quiet, and having a fine temper. Take her all in all she was a splendid mare."

She does not seem to have been greatly fancied as a two-year-old for her only start was in a £100 Selling Race in which she was entered for £80 and failed to win.

As a three-year-old she began the season by winning the City and Suburban Handicap with 6 stone 4 pounds. She must have been highly tried for she started a 7-4 favourite. She won the Metropolitan

the following day, which was followed by the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman's Handicaps. She then won the One Thousand, the Goodwood Cup, Nassau and Yorkshire Stakes and finished the season by capturing the Warwick Cup of three miles and the Doncaster Cup at two miles and a half. She lost but one race during the year.

As a four-year-old she won the Port Stakes, was unsuccessful in the Hunt Cup and was beaten for the Ascot Gold Cup by Fandango and Rataplan. She also failed to win the Craven Stakes at Goodwood. She had become a roarer in the winter of 1854.

Virago won £10,770 during her career. She was the dam of Thalestris which, carrying a light weight, won the Cesarewitch for Lord Coventry. This was probably her best foal.

Blink Bonny by Melbourne-Queen Mary belonged to Mr. William I'Anson and was foaled in 1854.

As a two-year-old she ran second in both the Zetland and Mostyn Stakes. She won the Sapling, Bishop Burton, Tyro, Great Lancashire Produce, and Bentinck Memorial Stakes, ran third in the Convivial and won the Gimcrack and Filly Stakes as well as a Sweepstakes of £50 each at Doncaster.

The following year she was beaten by *Impérieuse* in the One Thousand but won the Derby and the Oaks. Following this she won a Sweepstakes of £50 each at Ascot, the Lancashire Oaks and the Bentinck Memorial Stakes. She was beaten again by *Impérieuse* in the St. Leger but won the Park Hill Stakes.

As a four-year-old she ran third in the Bentinck Memorial Triennial at Goodwood and as a five-year-old started but once in the Innkeepers' Plate at Southwell, which she failed to win.

Her total winnings were £12,497.

In the stud she had a short but glorious career for she bred in three years *Borealis*,

Blair Athol, and Breadalbane and died in 1862.

Apology by Adventurer-Mandragora was foaled in 1872 and belonged to Mr. Launde.

She made her début in the Ham Stakes at Goodwood and was beaten by Atlantic. She suffered another defeat in the Municipal Stakes at Doncaster, being beaten by George Frederick, the winner of the Derby the following year. She then won the Homebred Stakes at Newmarket.

As a three-year-old she won the One Thousand, Oaks and Coronation Stakes, was beaten by Trent in the Great Yorkshire Stakes and then won the St. Leger. She finished the season by running unplaced to Lemnos in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes at Newmarket. She won the large sum of £12,850 during the season.

The following year she was beaten in the Goodwood Cup, Great Ebor Handicap, Doncaster Cup and Cesarewitch and was second to Carnelion in the Jockey Club Cup.

She was in great form as a five-year-old for she placed to her credit Her Majesty's Plate at Manchester, the Gold Cup at Ascot, and Her Majesty's Plate at Newcastle. Her total winnings were £14,170.

She did not breed any racehorses of note.

Another great mare was La Flèche by St. Simon-Quiver. She was foaled in 1889 and belonged to Baron de Hirsch.

She began by winning four stakes, namely the Chesterfield, Levant, Molcomb, and Champagne Stakes, being undefeated during the season.

As a three-year-old she won the One Thousand, ran second to Sir Hugo in the Derby, and won the Oaks, Nassau, and St. Leger Stakes, Sir Hugo running second in the latter race. She then won the Lancashire Plate, Grand Duke Michael Stakes, Newmarket Oaks and the Cambridgeshire with 8 stone 10 pounds. Her winnings during the season were £25,653. The best colt of the year was Orme. La Flèche defeated him twice.

The following year La Flèche won the Gold Cup at Ascot and was beaten by Ravensbury in the Hardwicke Stakes. This race was a great surprise, for La Flèche had started at 5-1 on. She then ran unplaced in the Prince Edward Handicap and won the Champion Stakes, beating Ravensbury.

When she won this last race during the Second October Meeting at Newmarket she was in foal to Morion. Her foals sold for large prices. The best horse she bred was John O'Gaunt by Isinglass. He was the sire of Swynford.

Her total winnings were £32,618.

In more modern times the two greatest race mares were foaled but two years apart, Sceptre in 1889 and Pretty Polly in 1891. 1894/1895 190

Sceptre by Persimmon-Ornament was bred by the Duke of Westminster and was sold at auction when a yearling for \$52,500 to Mr. R. Sivier. He raced her for two seasons and sold her to Mr. William Bass for \$125,000.

Sceptre won the Woodcote at Epsom and the July Stakes at Newmarket but was beaten in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster by Game Chick and Csardos.

As a three-year-old she did great service for she won the Two Thousand, beating Ard Patrick, then won the One Thousand, and ran fourth in Ard Patrick's Derby. She ran unplaced in the Grand Prix de Paris but won the St. James Palace Stakes as well as the Levant, Nassau, and St. Leger Stakes and finished the season by failing to give Elba 12 pounds in the Park Hill Stakes.

She kept her form the following year, winning the Hardwicke, Jockey Club, Duke of York, Champion, and Criterion Stakes and was beaten a neck in a grand race by Ard Patrick for the Eclipse Stakes.

As a five-year-old she was second in the Coronation Cup and third in both the Gold Cup and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot and was retired to the stud. She has not bred any great winner but she is

the dam of that good brood mare Maid of the Mist, the dam of Sunny Jane and other winners.

Sceptre won approximately £35,000.

Major Eustace Loder's filly Pretty Polly was foaled in 1901 and was by Gallinule-Admiration.

Pretty Polly had a wonderful career for she started twenty-three times and was not beaten in England until her final appearance in the Ascot Gold Cup in 1906. She lost one race in France.

As a two-year-old Pretty Polly won the British Dominion, National Breeders Produce, Mersey, Champagne, Autumn, Breeders Foal, Cheveley Park, Middle Park Plate, Criterion, and Moulton Stakes and £13,500.

The following year she won the One Thousand Oaks, Coronation, Nassau, St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes and £14,440.

As a four-year-old she captured the Coronation Cup, Champion and Limekiln Stakes and the Jockey Club Cup, which were worth £3420.

She finished her career the following season by winning the March Stakes and Coronation Cup but was defeated by Bachelor's Button for the Ascot Gold Cup.

Her total winnings were £37,297.

She has not bred any winner of renown.

THE AMERICAN SHAD

THE AMERICAN SHAD

(*Alosa sapidissima*)

MANY epicures believe that an American shad, freshly taken from a nearby river and "planked," is the best of all American fishes.

There was a time in early Colonial days when the shad was not esteemed as a food-fish, owing to the fact that a similar fish was found in the waters of Great Britain, France, and Spain where it was considered a poor man's fish of inferior quality.

This fish, the allis shad, *Culpea alosa*, is still found in those waters. It spawns in the Severn and used to do so in the Thames.

It is also found in many rivers that empty into the Mediterranean and the

Baltic, as well as into the Black and Caspian seas.

It was not long before the quality of the American fish was appreciated, for we are told that at the end of the XVIII Century the fishermen on the Connecticut River refused to sell their shad unless a certain number of salmon were purchased as well.

The shad is so familiar to us now that it might be supposed that those who study fish would have discovered all there is to be known about it, but such is not the case.

The habits of the fish when ascending the rivers, their methods of spawning, the incubation of the eggs and the period thereof, the habits and growth of the young, and the life of the mature fish in fresh water are all familiar, but when the fish return to salt water they are, like the salmon, lost to the ken of man.

It used to be supposed that they wintered in the Gulf of Mexico where

there is abundant food and that in January they journeyed slowly northward, dropping detachments at the mouths of various rivers. It has been discovered that this migration does not take place.

In the first place it was noticed that shad often appear in Northern waters before they are found in those of the lower latitude. It was further discovered that when man began the artificial propagation of the shad in a certain river, that stream, and no other, was benefited.

The theory now is that when the shad leave the rivers they dwell somewhere in the depths of the ocean opposite and not far distant from the river in which they were hatched, and that they do not begin to ascend the rivers in the spring before the temperature of the river water approaches 60 degrees.

It is not generally known that for several years some hundreds of barrels of fine shad have been netted in the deep waters adjacent to Mount Desert Rock, Maine,

in the month of August. These fish are taken to Northwest Harbor and shipped to the Boston market.

This would lead one to believe that the theory that these fish dwell in the deep waters off the coast when they leave the rivers is a correct one.

In the early history of this country nearly every river along the Atlantic coast was invaded by immense schools, but through increasing fishing and owing to the obstructions in some rivers, the supply gradually diminished until some thirty years ago the Federal and State governments began hatching the shad artificially, with such success that the supply of fish has kept pace with the ever-increasing demand.

Shad are found along our Atlantic coast from Florida to Newfoundland and are most abundant from North Carolina to Long Island.

The chief shad-rivers are the Potomac, Susquehanna, and Delaware and, although

the fish has received as many vernacular names as there are rivers that it enters, it is always the same fish.

The hickory shad is found in the waters of Chesapeake Bay and seldom weighs more than three pounds.

The Alabama shad, found in the Gulf of Mexico about Pensacola, is a small variety and, like the hickory, is inferior food to the common shad.

The alewife, wall-eyed herring, or gaspereau, is also a near relative of the shad.

During the spawning season the fish are very susceptible to cold. If after migration begins there is a heavy fall of snow the melting of which lowers the river temperature, there is an immediate decrease in the catch of the fishermen. It is probable that at first maturity the shad returns to the river whence it originated but that after that it may join the spawning shoals of other rivers.

The van of the spring run consists chiefly of bucks or male shad, and soon

after the roes or females arrive with a liberal admixture of belated bucks.

The spawning grounds of the shad are at the headwaters of the main river. If the water temperature is suitable it takes from 6 to 10 days for hatching. The eggs are small and semi-boyant. The fish are very prolific. A single roe has been known to furnish 150,000 eggs.

There is an appalling loss of eggs and young fish, as they are devoured by numerous enemies, and it is estimated that of all the young fish hatched not more than a dozen from any pair of mature fish reach the ocean in safety.

To counteract this wastage, artificial propagation was undertaken with success. In the spring of 1900, 241,050,000 young shad were planted in the rivers of the Atlantic coast.

The shad is the most valuable river fish of the eastern coast. The Chinook salmon and the cod are the only fish of

this continent that exceed it in value. In 1896 the catch numbered 13,145,395 fish weighing 50,847,967 pounds and worth \$1,656,580 to the fishermen.

At various times between 1871 and 1880 shad fry were planted in the Sacramento River in California and in the Columbia River. They have thrived so well that they are now to be found from San Diego to Fort Wrangle, a distance of 2000 miles, and are most abundant in the markets of San Francisco.

The shad cannot be rightly called a game fish yet it has been taken with an artificial fly. Published statements of such catches are often made but the fish captured generally prove to be the hickory shad or the alewife, both of which will take artificial flies as well as bait.

There are conditions where the true shad will rise to a fly. Chief among them is where there is an obstruction in the river above which it is impossible for them to pass. On reaching such an obstruction

they swim frantically about and seem to take the lure in savage desperation.

In the early summer it is the custom to fish for them below Holyoke dam on the Connecticut River and at McCall's Ferry dam on the Susquehanna, but the fish are tender-mouthed and not very game.

THE WEIGHT OF GAME FISH

THE WEIGHT OF GAME FISH

Tarpon

(*Megalops atlanticus*)

MR. WILLIAM H. WOOD, the pioneer of tarpon fishing, who in 1885 landed the first tarpon, was the originator of the formula for estimating the weight of a tarpon when first taken from the water.

$$\frac{\text{Girth}^2 \times \text{length}}{800} = \text{weight}$$

I have never been able to discover how he found the divisor 800 but the formula gives the approximate weight of almost every kind of fish of no matter what shape or size, excepting the sunfish (*Mola*).

Probably not more than eight tarpon have been taken that weighed 200 pounds or more.

The record fish for an amateur in Florida is still, as far as I know, Edward Vom Hofe's tarpon taken at Captiva Pass on April 30th, 1898, weighing 210 pounds and measuring 6 feet 11 inches in length and 45 inches in girth.

My best fish measured 7 feet 2 inches but, being very thin, weighed only 187 pounds.

Doctor Howe is said to have landed a tarpon at Tampico, Mexico, that tipped the scales at 223 pounds.

I saw a tarpon at Miami, Florida, on May 17th, 1904, that had been taken near Tea Table by Charlie Thompson, a professional fisherman, and was told it weighed 224 pounds.

The tarpon is an elusive fish yet at times great scores have been made.

Mr. L. C. Murphy took 25 tarpon in one day's fishing at Aransas Pass, and Mr. B. W. Crowinshield accomplished a like feat at Boca Grande.

On one of my trips to Cuba I fished the

flood tides for three consecutive days and "jumped" 54 tarpon, and on another occasion played 14 small fish in one hour's fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Magill, on a cruise along the west coast of Florida in the spring of 1915, captured 176 tarpon that weighed 16,377 pounds. The heaviest fish weighed $196\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, eleven weighed over 180 each, and forty over 150 pounds. This is the most extraordinary fishing I ever heard of.

I find that in the long run the fish will average 100 pounds.

There were 785 tarpon weighed at Useppa Island in 1917 and but 23 of them were 150 pounds or more in weight.

It is now customary to free the hooked fish when possible, which is not always the most humane action, for a tired tarpon is easy prey for the ever-watchful piratical shark.

*The Striped Bass**(Roccus lineatus)*

THE striped bass have almost disappeared as game fish. Being migratory fish and traveling in schools, they have been so depleted by excessive netting that it is now difficult to obtain large specimens.

Jordan relates that: "At one haul of the net in Albemarle Sound 820 bass weighing 37,000 pounds were taken. Among them were many of 65 pounds, many of 85, and a few of 90 pounds."

The largest striped bass of authentic record that I personally know of, taken with rod and reel, weighed 70 pounds. This fish was taken by Mr. William Post at Graves Point, Newport, R. I., on July 5th, 1873. It was a long, thin, and emaciated fish that would have weighed 100 pounds in normal condition.

I am told that Mr. Charles Church landed a bass a few years since near Cutty Hunk that weighed 76 pounds.

The largest average catch of bass that I know of was ten fish 58, 56, 54, 53, 51, 49, 46, 42 and 36 pounds — an average of $49\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. This catch was made at Graves Point by Mr. Seth Barton French and Mr. John Whipple on August 21st, 1881, between 6 and 11 A.M., in a heavy sea and on a rising tide.

Mr. Thomas Winans and his nephew took in three months' fishing, from stands built on the rocks in front of his house at Newport, 124 bass that weighed 2921 pounds, the largest being a fish of 60 pounds.

Catches of bass weighing from 85 to over 100 pounds each are said to have been made in the Chesapeake seine-fishing.

The striped bass was unknown in the waters of the Pacific Ocean until 1875 when the first fingerlings were liberated in San Francisco Bay. They have prospered there. "Statistics gathered for 1900 show 1,251,000 pounds in the San Francisco markets in that year." The largest

fish taken on rod and reel weighed $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

The artificial propagation of the striped bass has never been a pronounced success owing to the difficulty of obtaining the ripe male fish.

The Salmon

THE largest salmon I ever saw was a Tyee taken on a handline at Campbell River, Vancouver Island, weighing 72 pounds. The Tyee are said to weigh over 100 pounds yet "no fish weighing 80 pounds had ever been brought to the cannery at Valdez Island."

I took 2179 pounds of salmon in fifteen days in Discovery Strait at Campbell River, including 47 Tyee that averaged 43 pounds. The largest fish weighed 60 pounds.

In Canada the heaviest salmon I know of was the 54 pound fish taken in the Cascapedia River.

The Newfoundland record is a fish of $41\frac{1}{2}$ pounds from the Codroy River in 1910.

Between 1880 and 1919, 25,824 salmon were taken by the members of the Ristigouche Salmon Club in Canada. These fish weighed 456,257 pounds and averaged

17.16 pounds. Three thousand seven hundred and six of them tipped the scales at over 25 pounds each.

The record British salmon was supposed to be the 84 pound fish taken from the Tay but a few years ago the Scottish Fisheries Board expert reported that "an illicitly caught salmon had been taken in the Forth that weighed 103 pounds." He explained that "the matter was kept secret because the possession of the fish was fraught with a certain amount of danger to the captors."

Catalina Island Records

	POUNDS
Swordfish (<i>Xypias gladius</i>)	463
Spearfish or Marlin (<i>Tetrapturus</i> <i>mitsukurii</i>)	340
Tuna (<i>Thunnus thynnus</i>)	251
Giant Bass (<i>Stereoplepis gigas</i>)	493
Yellowtail (<i>Seriola dorsalis</i>)	60½
White Sea Bass (<i>Cynoscion hippurus</i>)	51¼
Albacore (<i>Germo alalunga</i>)	66¼

The greatest number of tuna taken in one day was Mr. Boschen's catch of 13 fish weighing 985 pounds.

My best day, with a plain reel without a drag, was 5 tuna that weighed 491 pounds.

Only 18 swordfish have been taken.

Atlantic Tuna

Mr. J. K. L. Ross landed a tuna at St. Ann's Bay, C. B., on August 28th, 1911, that weighed 680 pounds twenty-four hours later at Sydney. It measured 8 feet 10 inches in length by 6 feet 3 inches in girth.

Mr. L. D. Mitchell landed a tuna a few years later that weighed 710 pounds. This fish was taken near Medway, Nova Scotia.

THE BOATMEN OF AVALON

“OF RECREATION THERE IS NONE SO
FREE AS FISHING IS ALONE.”

THE BOATMEN OF AVALON

THE public boatmen at Avalon own their own launches and supply all manner of fishing tackle to their patrons, the loan of which is included in the price charged for the day's rental of the fishing boat.

The luxury of borrowed tackle is much enjoyed by the novice or casual fishing visitor, who does not appreciate until too late that his expenses have been greatly added to by breakage, for broken tackle must be replaced by the amateur and the lines supplied are often of ancient vintage.

The regulars have their own personal ideas as to rods, reels, and lines, and do not trust the outfits supplied by the professionals, but the innocent one-day casual fisherman has to learn by experience. If he returns to Catalina on a second visit

he generally arrives supplied with tackle galore, for his first visit has made him wise.

If you are unfortunate enough to lose a fish, it is the boatman who is disappointed, for he feels that it is his reputation as a fisherman that has been injured by your mistakes or your misfortune, and you rise or fall in his estimation according to your skill, or often your luck, in landing fish, for his reputation depends upon the fish that are brought home and weighed.

The amount of sport a fisherman enjoys at Catalina on his first visit to the island depends greatly upon the boatman he employs to guide him in his piscatorial efforts, for there are boatmen a-plenty to be had but they are not all good fishermen as well.

I remember the experience of a friend of mine a few years ago. He arrived at Avalon full of expectation and, having read Professor Holder's books and learned much of the ability and fishing knowledge of one "Mexican Joe," hunted him up and started out fishing.

Now Mexican Joe in the Professor's day and at the time I would tell of was two different beings. Joe had grown old and careless and no longer took much interest in his trade. His boat and tackle were antiquated and what custom he had was owing to his past reputation, for he had been one of the earliest and best fishermen at Avalon.

My friend fished with fair luck and captured a few albacore. Towards sunset when some miles from land, the launch suddenly stopped and Joe began to tinker with the engine, but to no avail. After trying every trick he knew of he went forward and sounded the gasoline tank and informed my enthusiastic fishing friend that the last drop of gasoline had disappeared.

Joe was not at all disturbed at the situation, remarking that they would surely be picked up during the night or on the morrow. He was afloat on his home waters and quite happy.

After throwing the fish that had been caught overboard, much against the advice of my friend who saw the only food in sight wasted, Joe curled up and went to sleep.

Night had fallen and the wind began to blow, which caused a short sea that tossed the helpless launch about in a most uncomfortable manner. My friend sat in a chair all night, bracing himself against the tumbling waves, believing that his night as well as his day had come.

They were searched for the following morning and picked up many miles from Avalon.

The names of Professor Holder and Mexican Joe are both still anathema to my fishing friend, for he has not forgotten his night-long vigil in an open launch on a strange and inhospitable sea.

The boatmen are of many different nationalities. One of them, a Latin and a good fisherman, was employed by a giant cattleman from the western plains

to take him fishing. He undertook to tell the cowboy how to fish: "Me-ester Snow," he said, "you must not leeft your rod dat way but dis way." — "Go on, you d—d dago, don't you suppose I know how to fish?" had been the reply. A short time after the Westerner landed a fish by brute force and shouted: "There is a fish for you, my dago friend, did I not tell you I knew how to fish?" "Yes, Mr. Snow," said the boatman as he removed the hook, "you have a fish but, Mr. Snow, it is the leetlest fish I ever see!"

One season on my arrival at Catalina I found my usual boatman was employed for a few days so that I was obliged to hunt for a substitute. The fishing had been good and most of the boats were engaged by the week. The man who fell to my lot was a foreigner with a great reputation for finding fish if they were anywhere about. I was not impressed by his boat. It looked like a junkshop. Rusted bolts, screws, hooks, and tools

were piled in heaps on the thwarts, and the boat had apparently not been cleaned in many moons.

The boatman produced a very rusty hook and snood and proposed to bend it on to my line. I objected and handed him a new hook rigged to my liking. This was criticised and not approved of but reluctantly tied to my line, and I proceeded to fish.

A short time after the boatman touched me on the shoulder and remarked: "You men come from the East and tell us professionals how to fish." I said nothing notwithstanding that the boot was on the other leg.

We combed the ocean all day with no result, for it was one of those still days at sea which makes one believe that the fish have formed a League of Nations with an agreement not to bite.

On the following day I hooked a large marlin and the fun began. I looked over my shoulder and saw the fish jumping



SPEARFISH OR MARLIN

ahead of the launch and became busy reeling in the slack line. When this had been accomplished I found to my horror that it led directly under the launch, the boatman having crossed the line. I shouted but the boatman calmly replied: "How do I know where the fish he goes!" The line fouled on the keel of the launch and parted.

I sat with folded arms and watched that giant fish, irritated by the drag through the water of five hundred feet of free line, jump thirty or more times. The conversation that followed the final jump of that marlin was interesting; however, I hooked another fish and that one was safely landed.

Two days later this boatman had a novice fishing with him who lost a fine fish at the last moment, owing to the breaking of the wire snood — the rusty one I had discarded!

Swordfish and marlin have such great strength and weight that it is always

wise to take no chances with tackle. It must be new, sound, and strong, for it is heartbreaking to lose a fish after thirty minutes, or in some cases hours, of hard struggle.

SANTA CATALINA FISHING LAUNCH



SANTA CATALINA

1919

THIS was a great tuna year. There were 911 tuna taken during the season, 42 of which were over 100 pounds in weight.

The heaviest fish weighed $152\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Mr. James W. Jump broke the light tackle record by landing a tuna weighing $145\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

No swordfish (*Xipias gladius*) were taken during the season.

One hundred and fourteen marlin or spearfish (*Tetrapturis mitsukurii*) were brought to the scales, 16 of which weighed over 100 pounds. The heaviest fish was taken by Mr. A. W. Hooper and weighed 298 pounds.

I was fortunate enough to land six spearfish in fifteen days that averaged $207\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

THE FISHES OF SOUTHERN
FLORIDA

THE FISHES OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA

THE Tarpon glides along serene
As though to polish his scales of sheen;
For no silver ever had such glint,
Not even coin fresh from the mint.
This royal, bright, and beauteous thing
Is sometimes called the Silver King.

The Sailfish with his fin so blue,
Jumps from the sea as though he flew,
He flits along from wave to wave
As though it were his life to save,
His dorsal fin with black spots is shot
And it closes neatly in a slot.

The Mackerel tribe is always Spanish,
The common kind they seem to banish,
But others of the breed are not taboo
Such as the Cero and the gay Wahoo.

The Kingfish mated with his striped
relation
Has added Cero to the finny nation.

The Bluefish bold and a great fighter
Is found off shore to "Lignumviter."
A jumper, biter swift is he
That trades about from Key to Key.
They always seem to be in schools
With teeth as sharp as keen-edged tools.

The Jackfish and the Amberjacks
Are wide in girth with narrow backs,
They tug and pull to beat the band,
And when of size are hard to land.
They are poor eating, but not so
Their blood relation the Pompano.

The Barracouta, with teeth on jaws,
Is a pirate fish that breaks all laws;
When hooked he jumps into the air,
And fights by all foul means or fair.
As food he is not of the best
And is only eaten at Key West.

The Kingfish is a hungry thing
And ever ready at the bait to spring.
When once hooked he jumps clean out
And shows his tail and pointed snout.
The west wind is his best for biting
The northern Kingfish is a Whiting.

The Redfish is the Channel bass
And is not found at reef or pass
From Gilbert's Bar to Romano,
For him the water must be just so.
His body is bronze, a coat of mail,
And there is a black spot on his tail.

The Sergeantfish is a salt sea pike.
His two stripes on both sides alike
Give him his title and his rank.
They're found in bayous near the bank,
In rivers and in many brooks;
They also bear the name of Snooks.

The Dolphin in the ocean spray
Is polka-dotted and in bright array;
In the warm waters he loves to roam,
And in the gulf stream makes his home.

When once on board his colours fade
And he becomes a piece of jade.

Bonefish play at seek and hide
Along sandbars on the new flood tide,
They show their tails when hunting fleas
And swim along with grace and ease.
Bonefish are shy and gentle biters,
But when once hooked are champion
fighters.

The Ladyfish and the Seatrout
Are to be caught if you hunt about.
In the Indian River they are still found
And in great schools did once abound,
But now they are not often seen,
Are few in number and far between.

The Groupers who on the bottom dwell
Quite undisturbed by the ocean swell
Are of three sorts, gray, brown and red,
Long-jawed with more mouth than head.
No sea cook can be ever prouder
Than when he serves one up as chowder.

The different Snappers which swim in droves
Are found by shore and near mangroves;
They are Muttonfish out on the reef,
At least that is my best belief.
The lucious oyster is their favorite food
But they snap at small fry when in the
mood.

The Sawfish with his teeth on snout,
Is a brigand and a roustabout.
With hide as tough as leather skins,
Has on his back two dorsal fins.
He strikes with saw and it never matters,
What he can't eat he always scatters.

The Jewfish — giant of the fishes —
Is not a gourmet as to his dishes;
When hungry and when in the mood,
He is no stickler as to his food,
Hence the epithet of his funny calling,
For Jewfish is a name appalling.

The Shark is the very greatest thief
That ever swam along the reef;

He loafs along from hour to hour
To see what prey he may devour.
He swims about with dorsal out
And has a Pilot for a scout.

THE FIRST OCEAN YACHT RACE

HENRIETTA

“SHE WALKS THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE
AND SEEMS TO DARE THE ELEMENTS TO STRIFE”

THE FIRST OCEAN YACHT RACE

IT IS the custom for people who have passed middle age to decry the present and hark back to the good old days. This is quite natural for we readily remember the good things of the past and easily forget the rough places we have been over.

If I, as a sportsman, should be asked, what were the best years during my lifetime in and about New York for a man of my tastes and inclinations, I should say the first few years that followed the Civil War — from 1865 to the panic of 1873.

During those years the sportsman was favored by nature and not yet hampered by laws. Game was plentiful and striped-bass fishing at its best.

Everyone loved a horse and most men drove trotters. Racing was a social

function, Jerome Park was in its glory and the race horses belonged to one's friends.

The Four-in-hand Club was society's most fashionable resort. The social circle was small and select and the charge of the "400" as yet unheard of. Pigeon shooting was not yet taboo and there was much competition between the different strains of game cocks, while boxing was the manly art of self-defense.

Good American cooking had not been replaced by a poor imitation of the French cuisine, claret would age and grow mellow for the phylloxera was as yet unknown and the private cellars were full of old Madeiras.

The public as well as the domestic servants were all either Irish or negroes, and there was wit and laughter at every turn.

The Hebrew had not begun to claim his place in the sun. A Jugoslav was an unknown quantity but a jug o' whiskey was of great importance.

The most popular sport at that time was yachting. The yachtsmen of the day

owned large seagoing schooners and raced them in the open sea. The luxury loving steam-yachtsmen did not appear in force until 1881.

Yachting revived quickly after the Civil War and the seasons of 1865 and 1866 were full of interest.

Many new yachts were launched. Among the number was the centreboard schooner *Vesta* belonging to Mr. Pierre Lorillard. She defeated *Henrietta* in a match from Sandy Hook to Cape May and return by 56 mins. and later won a race from *Halcyon* in the Sound.

Henrietta had been beaten by *Fleetwing* over the Cape May course the year before — 1865 — by 1 hr. 19 mins.

At a dinner at the Union Club in October, 1866, at which Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. George A. Osgood, and Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome were present the conversation happened to turn upon the seaworthiness of the centreboard yacht. The centreboard was no novelty at the

time for the first vessel with a sliding keel had been built in 1771 for Lord Percy by Captain Schanck at Boston and many yachts had been constructed of that design in later years. It was the success of *Vesta* in defeating *Henrietta* over the ocean course that brought about the discussion.

Mr. Lorillard offered to match *Vesta* against Mr. Osgood's schooner *Fleetwing* for \$30,000 a side in a match to be sailed from Sandy Hook to the Needles in the stormy month of December, in order fully to test the seagoing qualities of the two vessels.

After much talk the challenge was accepted by Mr. Osgood. Mr. James Gordon Bennett on hearing of the match begged to be allowed to enter *Henrietta* in the race on the same terms, which he was allowed to do. The conditions for a three cornered race for \$90,000 were drawn up, a stakeholder selected, and December 11th, 1866, named as the day for starting the first ocean yacht race.

1866

First Agreement

George and Frank Osgood bet Pierre Lorillard, Jr., and others \$30,000 that the Fleetwing can beat the Vesta to the Needles on the coast of England. The yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, and to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying jib, jib topsail, fore and main gaff topsails, main topmast staysail, storm staysails and trysails.

The yacht Henrietta enters the above race by paying \$30,000 subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club. Any minor points not embraced in the above that cannot be settled by the Messrs. Osgood, Lorillard and Bennett shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen, in case of disagreement, to choose two others. Twenty per cent of the money to be de-

posited with Mr. Leonard W. Jerome on Tuesday, the third of November, balance to be deposited on first Tuesday of December; play or pay.

We the undersigned agree severally to the above matter.

J. G. BENNETT, JR.

Witnesses

FRANKLIN OSGOOD

H. S. FEARING

GEORGE A. OSGOOD

S. TAYLOR

P. LORILLARD, JR.

Second Agreement

It is hereby agreed between the owners of the Henrietta, Vesta and Fleetwing that the ocean race which is to take place on the second Tuesday in December shall be from Sandy Hook to the Needles, England, and neither yacht is to take from New York a channel pilot and also that in addition to the sails previously mentioned each yacht may carry a square sail.

J. G. BENNETT, JR.

P. LORILLARD, JR.

GEORGE A. OSGOOD

Third Agreement

It is agreed that the boats engaged in the ocean race may shift during the race anything but ballast; and that the forty-eight hour rule shall be waived; and that the race ends with the light on the west end of the Isle of Wight, bearing abeam, the yachts on the channel course bound for Cowes. The boats to start on Tuesday, December 11th, at one o'clock P.M., blow high or blow low. The boats to be started by H. S. Fearing.

GEORGE A. OSGOOD

P. LORILLARD, JR.

J. G. BENNETT, JR.

Each yacht carried two judges. For example Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome and Lieutenant A. M. Knapp sailed on Henrietta. The former represented Fleetwing and the latter Vesta. The judges on Fleetwing were Messrs. Ernest Staples and Robert Center and on board Vesta Mr. George L. Lorillard and Colonel Stuart M. Taylor.

Fleetwing was a schooner of 212 tons and drew 11 feet 8 inches. Her mainmast measured 81 feet 6 inches and her mainboom 60 feet. Her spars were not reduced. She was commanded by Captain Thomas and had a crew of 22 sailors. Mr. Vandeußen her builder was a passenger.

Henrietta was a keel schooner of 205 tons and drew 11 feet 6 inches. Her mainmast was reduced 7 feet to 79 feet, and her mainboom was 57 feet long. Captain Samuels of Dreadnought fame was her navigator and Captain Lyons her sailing master. She carried a crew of 24 all told. Mr. Bennett, the owner, and Mr. Stephen Fiske of the New York *Herald* were passengers.

Vesta was a centreboard schooner of 201 tons, 108 feet over all. She drew 7 feet 6 inches and with her full board down 15 feet. Her mainmast was reduced to 80 feet and her mainboom to 58 feet. She was commanded by Captain Dayton with Captain Henry Johnson of clipper

ship fame as adviser. Her crew consisted of 23 sailors.

Commodore W. H. McVickar the owner of the yacht *Magic* was appointed referee and sailed for England on the *Scotia* the day following the start of the ocean yacht race. As it happened he arrived in time for the festivities at Cowes but too late for the finish of the race, for the winner arrived nine hours before the steamer.

The cockpits of *Henrietta* and *Vesta* had been decked over so as to give them flush decks aft of the main companion-way. This precaution was unfortunately not taken with *Fleetwing*.

The yachts had great trouble with their crews. The wives and mothers of the men feared the winter passage and persuaded most of the men to desert at the last moment.

The crews finally consisted of a motley lot of sailormen. *Henrietta* had to depend greatly on her officers Lyons, Jones, and Coles, who were eager to atone for the lubberliness of the crew.

Fleetwing was better off for she had nine whaling ship captains on board who volunteered at the last moment.

The day of the start December 11th, 1866, was clear and cold with ice forming in the harbor. The three yachts lay off Staten Island and were towed to the starting point, Buoy 5, off the point of the Hook.

In sight of the yachts at the start was the stranded steamer Scotland surrounded by wrecking tugs. She had recently struck on the spot now marked by the Scotland Lightship.

New York was decorated with flags and the harbor dotted with crowded excursion steamers.

The yachts were started from the Revenue Cutter Jasmine at 1 P.M. by Mr. H. S. Fearing.

Fleetwing held the most northerly position and was first to cross the line followed by Vesta and Henrietta.

The wind was strong W. N. W. and the



START OF THE FIRST OCEAN RACE

course E. S. E. so squaresails were set soon after the start.

The yachts separated the first evening. Fleetwing selected a northly short course. Henrietta sailed the steamship route and Vesta looked for good weather further south. After the first day they saw nothing of one another until they arrived at Cowes.

Henrietta carried all her sail at the start and was making 11 knots when struck by a snow squall and obliged to shorten sail. She sailed 235 miles the first day which was followed by 210 the following day. The third day she logged 204 miles going 14 knots at night. The fourth day was thick weather and the log shows 225 miles by dead reckoning. The wind had been W by N to N by W since the start.

The following day was Sunday. "The prayers for the day, a chapter from the Bible and one of Jay's brief sermons were read in the cabin to the assembled crew."

“At night the wind shifted to W. S. W. and we were obliged to jibe ship. Main-sail double reefed, we sailed 280 knots.” This was the best run of the trip. “She sailed 250 knots in the following twenty-four hours and at 4 P.M. a gale set in with all its fury. Mainsail was furled, forsail trebly reefed, and jibs taken in. At 8.40 P.M. was boarded by heavy sea completely burying us, filling the foresail and staving the boat. Hove to under storm main try sail. Vessel logged 115 miles. Wind shifted N. by W. at noon. At 3. P.M. we were going 15 knots an hour with waves mountainous high — 260 miles. Ran into warm weather and smooth seas and went gliding along at the rate of 250 miles a day. Spoke packet-ship Philadelphia, only vessel spoken during voyage.”

“At 3 P.M. on Sunday Captain Samuels informed us we were on soundings and at midnight off Cape Clear. Passed Scilly Island Lights Christmas Eve.”

On Christmas day under every stitch

of canvass Henrietta with her colours floating in the breeze flashed by the Needles at 3.45 P.M., 13 days, 22 hours, 46 mins. from Sandy Hook winning the race through Captain Samuels' clever navigation. He had brought Henrietta from New York to the Scilly Islands without making a single tack and having varied only 11 miles from the straightest possible route between the two places. This marvellous landfall won the race.

Henrietta continued on to Cowes and dropped anchor at 5.32 P.M.

It being Christmas day, and the yachts not being expected until a week later, she was greeted by one lone member of the Royal Yacht Squadron with: "You are before your time!"

During these days Fleetwing was having more heavy weather further north. On the 19th her log reads: "S. S. W. breezes which gradually increased to a raging gale and heavy sea. The canvass was reduced to double reefed foresail and

fore staysail and under these the vessel was pressed. At 9 P.M. a terrific sea struck her abaft the starboard main shrouds which flooded the cockpit and washed eight men overboard. Six of them were lost including the two men at the wheel. Two men who caught hold of lines were saved. In the confusion which naturally ensued the vessel broached to and carried away her jibboom, while the sea for a moment took charge of the deck.

"She was hove to for five hours. Thus crippled in crew and canvass she was considered out of the race." She ran into better weather however, logging 270 miles one day. Fleetwing passed the Needles at 1 A.M. on the 26th.

Vesta had taken a southerly course hoping for good weather and smooth seas. She averaged over 239 knots during the first nine days of the voyage and her best run was 277 miles. She met with no accidents and shipped no seas. She was in the edge of the storm on the 19th and

scudded before it, out of her course, for eight hours. She was boarded by Pilot Webb of Cowes about 10 miles W. S. W. of the Needles and owing to the haze which overhung the sea the pilot mistook St. Catherine's Light for that of the Needles. They had to come about and beat back against a head sea losing much time.

Colonel Stuart Taylor always maintained that Vesta sighted the Scilly Lights more than one hour before Henrietta but that their compass was wrong and they were obliged to haul on the wind and beat for four hours against a strong S. S. W. wind and heavy sea, besides which they had to lay to off Portland Rip for one hour waiting for a pilot who promptly mistook St. Catherine's Light for the Needles.

It is certain that they lost all chance of winning the race owing to a very bad landfall caused by too much talent on board.

Vesta passed the Needles 8 hours 55 mins. astern of Henrietta and 40 mins. after Fleetwing.

Colonel Taylor wrote at the time: "As we reached the little town of Cowes sleeping sweetly in the stillness of the night and drifted our anchor we descried near us not only Henrietta but also Fleetwing. She crept in while we were blundering about St. Catherine's Light. By comparing logs we found we had made the Scilly Lights 65 mins. before Henrietta. We lost the race by a bad landfall and the pilot's error." He estimated Vesta had lost 9 hours and 50 mins. by these mistakes.

Mr. Lorillard once told me that spiritualism was much in vogue in New York at that time and that during the race he had consulted a well known medium. Telling her that he had a yacht sailing in a match he asked her what would be the result. After the usual ceremonies she informed him that his boat would arrive

first yet would not win the race, which was practically what happened.

Vesta did not win but crossed the Atlantic with perfect safety and although having had bad luck arrived at Cowes only a few hours after the winner.

It is remarkable that in a race to test the claims of the centreboard the performance of Vesta should have been ignored as though it had decided nothing. It did teach a lesson which was not forgotten for the craze for deep and narrow vessels did not survive many years.

The modern racing yacht of which Reliance is perhaps the best example, for she is the acme of speed and power, has the sweetened shallow hull of the old centreboard yacht with a finkeel which is little more than a fixed and weighted centreboard.

As there is a limit to water line length in the present Rule, long ends were added to provide a longer water line base thereby increasing the power to carry sail.

Although Henrietta finished on December 25th the news did not reach New York until the afternoon of the 29th. The Atlantic Cable had been recently relaid and a severe storm had wrecked the Nova Scotia land lines, interrupting communication for four days.

Speculation was rampant in New York at that time and gambling the fashion. There was much betting on the race and Fleetwing was the favorite owing to her better crew.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome backed Henrietta and won considerably over \$100,000. I well remember when a boy driving to Jerome Park with him during the winter of 1867 in a large blue and golden boat sleigh which had been built for him to celebrate the event. It took six horses to pull the sleigh over the snow and what surprised me most was that he drove the ten miles in the cold without gloves.

The yachtsmen were received with great hospitality by the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and entertained both at Cowes and in London. At all these entertainments Mr. Jerome was the life of the party and told stories that greatly amused the Britishers.

Mr. Lawrence R. Jerome was a very large man full of good humor and wit and a practical joker by profession. He played all manner of jokes on his shipmates and the other yachtsmen and they were unable to return the compliment until one member of the party bethought himself of the following brilliant joke.

Visiting Osborn House he succeeded in purloining a sheet of the Queen's notepaper, when the guide was not looking. On this notepaper he wrote an invitation from her Majesty bidding Mr. Jerome to dine at Osborn House on a certain evening.

Jerome was both pleased and distressed when he discovered that he was the only

member of the party so honoured. His friends persuaded him that an invitation from royalty was a command which he was obliged to comply with and that he had been selected as Her Majesty had probably heard of his great wit!

His shipmates sat about and jollied him along as he dressed for the banquet but did not tell him the truth until the gig had put off from the yacht bound for the Royal Landing.

When Jerome was recalled and climbed back on board Henrietta his relief was so great that he danced a hornpipe on deck.

Queen Victoria requested that the anchorage of the yachts be changed so that she could see them from Osborn House, and graciously invited the yachtsmen to a special audience.

Mr. Bennett was so impressed by the kind hospitality he had received that he wrote the following letter to Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh.

Off Cowes, Dec. 31, 1866

Your Royal Highness,

At Lord Lennox's dinner on Friday last you were pleased to match your yacht Viking to sail the Henrietta around the Isle of Wight next August for a cup worth £100. I would not say so then because I was bound to make the match proposed; but, in fact the arrangement will somewhat interfere with the disposition which I had determined I would make of my yacht in case she should win the Ocean Race. I beg that you will accept as a New Year's gift to an English yachtsman from an American yachtsman, the Henrietta as she now lies in perfect order off Cowes, and I have instructed Captain Samuels to hold her subject to your orders. The unbounded hospitality with which the American yachtsmen have been received by all classes in England will always be remembered in the United States with the warmest gratitude, and I sincerely hope that you will not deprive me of the oppor-

tunity of acknowledging this most cordial reception by presenting the winning yacht to the representative of English yachtsmen.

*I have the honor to remain,
Very respectfully yours,*

J. G. BENNETT, JR.

TO H. R. H.

PRINCE ALFRED DUKE OF EDINBURGH,
etc., etc.

Clarence House Jany. 22d, 1867

Dear Mr. Bennett,

I find it difficult to express how gratefully I appreciate the kindly feeling which dictated your letter of 31 ulto. as well as the splendid present which you offer to my acceptance, but most of all the delicacy with which you seek to diminish the personal obligation under which you would lay me by giving to your generous offer an international character. It is, indeed, this last consideration only which has led me to hesitate in replying to your letter, for

personally it would have been impossible for me to accept so costly a present; but I feel bound fully to consider the question in the light in which you were good enough to place it, and if on full consideration I feel compelled to decline your generous offer, I trust that neither you nor your gallant competitors, nor your countrymen at large, will believe that the yachtsmen of England less appreciate or less reciprocate the feeling of good fellowship which prompted the offer. The *Henrietta* is a vessel which any man may feel proud to possess, and I trust she may long continue in the hands in which she has accomplished so triumphant a success. We must try to find a rival to her and do our best in common with all Englishmen. I sincerely hope that such friendly rivalry may be the only description of contest in which our respective countries may ever be engaged. It has given me great pleasure to offer a cordial reception to you and your companions in England, and I feel assured

that if my professional duties in command of one of her Majesty's ships should ever take me to your shore, I should there meet on the part of my brother seamen with a reception not less hearty than that which we have been happy to afford you here.

Believe me yours sincerely,

To

ALFRED

J. G. BENNETT, JR., ESQ.

Henrietta was designed by William Tooker, was built by Henry Steers at Greenpoint and launched in June, 1861. It was soon after that that the Civil War began and Mr. Bennett placed the vessel at the disposal of the government. She was commissioned as a Revenue Cutter and did service along the coast as far south as Florida until the end of the war.

In 1865 Henrietta became what she had been intended for, Mr. Bennett's yacht.

On her return to America after the ocean yacht race she was sold and eventually went to Boston to be employed

HENRIETTA



as a fruiter. She was lost on December 16th, 1872, off the coast of Honduras on her way from Ruatan.

Mr. Bennett purchased L'Hirondelle in 1868 and in November of the same year she was lengthened to 120.70 feet overall and 116.90 feet on the waterline. Her draft after alterations was 12.25 feet. Her name was changed to Dauntless.

In 1915, Fleetwing and Vesta were both in the junkyard at New London. When in 1916 bottoms were at a great premium Fleetwing was fitted out as a freighter and was lost at sea.

After selling Vesta Mr. Lorillard ordered a large keel schooner to be designed by Bob Fish which when built was christened Challenge.

While this vessel was still on the stocks Mr. Lorillard received a visit from an old sailorman who brought the usual buried treasure story — a map given him by a friend on his deathbed showing the exact spot, near three palm trees on the beach

of a small West Indian island, where the treasure was buried.

The story seemed plausible to Mr. Lorillard and, as he did not wish to use the vessel as a yacht at the time, he accepted the sailor's proposition to send him after the treasure.

Challenge was fitted out, heavily armed, and placed in charge of Dr. George Lorillard and sailed for the tropics.

Dr. Lorillard told me years later that they found the island and the palm trees and nearby a great grave-like hole on the beach surrounded by broken chests and boxes with queer designs on them. Someone had been there before them and had removed the contents. He said they never knew whether the boxes had contained pieces of eight, gold plate or canned goods!

Challenge made the best passage on record on her return, sailing very fast. She was sent back to the West Indies after a cargo of fruit and was unfortunately lost at sea.

From the Logs of

Days	Henrietta	Fleetwing	Vesta
1	237	239	240
2	469	488	445
3	672	708	650
4	897	894	877
5	1143	1112	1111
6	1423	1352	1347
7	1673	1512	1554
8	1786	1700	1776
9	2053	1960	2053
10	2216	2096	2218
11	2468	2328	2471
12	2664	2543	2672
13	2836	2737	2837
14	3086	3007	3046
15	3126	3135	3144

Shortest possible route from Sandy Hook
to Needles, 3068 miles.

HENRIETTA

Length on deck, 99 ft.

Length on water line, 90 ft.

Breadth of beam, 23 ft.

Depth of hold, 9 ft. 6 in.

Draught of water, 11 ft.

Register, 205 tons

Length of mainmast, 79 ft.

Length of fore-mast, 77 ft.

Length of main boom, 57 ft.

Main gaff, 27 ft. 6 in.

Fore gaff, 26 ft.

Length of bowsprit outboard, 20 ft.

Length of flying jib boom, 19 ft.

OCEAN YACHT RACES

December 11th, 1866. Henrietta, Fleetwing, and Vesta.

From Sandy Hook to the Needles.

Won by Henrietta by 8 hours 15 mins.

Fleetwing beating Vesta by 40 mins.

Time. 13 days 22 hrs. 46 mins.

July 4th, 1870. Cambria *vs.* Dauntless.

From Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook.

Won by Cambria by 1 hr. 17 mins.

Time. 22 days 5 hrs. 17 mins.

March 12th, 1886. Coronet *vs.* Dauntless.

From Owls Head to Roche's Point.

Won by Coronet by 23 hrs. 23 mins.

Time. 14 days 19 hrs. 3 mins.

May 17th, 1905. German Emperor's Cup.

From Sandy Hook to the Lizard.

Finish	Elapsed time
Atlantic	12.04.01
Hamburg	13.02.06
Valhalla	14.02.53

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Endymion	14.04.19
Hildegarde	14.04.53
Sunbeam	14.06.25
Fleur de Lys	14.09.33
Ailsa	14.11.10
Utowana	14.11.51
Thistle	14.19.29
Apache	18.17.05
Time. 12 days 4 hrs. 1 min.	

THE KETCH KONA

KONA

THE ketch Kona was designed for me by Commodore R. M. Munroe for the purpose of tarpon fishing in the rivers of Cuba.

She was built in Baltimore and is very strongly constructed of wood and is coppered.

Kona is 56 feet 6 inches on the waterline and 17 feet beam, and has a centre-board and a Craig gasoline engine of 25 horsepower.

Her draft is but four feet, for, although the rivers of Cuba are deep, there is a bar at the mouth of almost every river on which there is generally not much more than four feet of water at high tide.

The career of this little vessel is probably unique for in eight years she has

sailed 38,917 sea miles. She has weathered the dreaded Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, eight times and has passed Cape Sable, Florida, even more often. She has rounded the inhospitable Cape San Antonio at the west end of Cuba fourteen times, and has made the voyage between New York and Key West eleven times.

She has also been to Antilla at the eastern end of Cuba, as far south as the Isle of Pines, and as far north as the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland — a record which I do not believe has ever been duplicated by a yacht of her size.

In the summer of 1909 she sailed from Baltimore to Bar Harbor, from there to Halifax, and to Canso, through the Bras d'Or lakes to Sidney, Cape Breton Island, and returned to New York by the same route.

In October of that year she sailed from New York for Key West, around the west end of Cuba to Batabano and the Isle of



KONA

Pines. After cruising along the south coast of Cuba we returned to Key West. We were close hauled in a strong wind and heavy sea from Justias Key to Key West for 26 hours — 180 miles. After cruising among the Keys she left for New York outside, sailing 1063 miles from Miami to New York in 7 days, 18 hours, which is said to be a record.

In October, 1911, she left for Key West and continued on to Cienfuegos, Cuba. We cruised inside the reef along the south coast and returned to New York. In July we sailed for Dark Harbor, Maine, and later made Halifax, Port-aux-Basques, and Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, back to Port-aux-Basques, across to Sydney, through the Bras d'Or lakes, and returned to New York.

In 1912 she repeated her trip to Cienfuegos, Cuba, and return.

In 1913 she sailed for Cuba again, going as far as Cienfuegos, and returned to New York, and in July made a voyage

as far east as Halifax, Nova Scotia, and back to New York.

In 1914 her trip was to the Isle of Pines, along the south coast of Cuba, and back to home waters.

In 1915, she returned to Cienfuegos, and on her journey north met with her first mishap, for she parted her weather shrouds in a heavy sea, sprung her mainmast, and had to return to Miami for a refit and a fresh start.

On the 9th of July at 9 P.M., when within sight of the lights of Bar Harbor, we were struck by a sudden storm "wind 70 miles an hour and heavy rain." We were driven out to sea, lost the jiggermast, and had to cut away the launch. We limped into Bar Harbor the following evening at five o'clock after a very bad night at sea. After refitting we cruised to Lockport, Nova Scotia, and back to New York.

Kona sailed in November, 1916, for Key West and from there to Antilla, Cuba.



KONA FROM ALOFT



We cruised along the north coast, stopping at Nuevitas and Matanzas. Sailing for Key West, we ran into a bad Norther and had to return to Cuba, but made Key West and Fort Myers, Florida, later on.

In 1917 we had a six weeks' cruise along the south coast of Cuba and back to Fort Myers where the yacht was laid up on account of the war.

During all these trips Kona was commanded by Captain Thomas Dahlberg, a deepsea sailorman who has great confidence in the little craft.

We were always on the hunt after fish and entered many rivers in Cuba looking for tarpon, with the result that we "jumped" and played 254 tarpon and took over 500 other large game fish.

SUMMARY

	<i>Sea miles</i>
1909-1910	6120
1910-1911	5071
1911-1912	6718

166 SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

1912-1913	4559
1913-1914	5925
1914-1915	4442
1915-1916	4658
1917	1424
	<hr/>
	38917

THE GULF STREAM

THE GULF STREAM

THE Gulf Stream has always seemed to me to be one of the greatest phenomena of nature as well as one of its greatest blessings.

I have fished along its edge for many winters and it has never ceased to be of consuming mystery and interest.

The beauty of its waters so easily distinguishable from the surrounding sea, its incessant flow in the one direction, the curious plant and fish life that it brings from the tropics and the warmth and life-giving properties that it distributes so generously among the Keys of Florida always inspire me with wonder.

Most people have vague and strange ideas as to the cause of this ever-moving stream. They do not seem to know that

the Gulf Stream gets its initial impetus from the joining of the north and south equatorial currents before rushing into the Gulf of Mexico through the Yucatan Channel.

These currents, greatly accelerated by the trade winds, sweep across the Atlantic Ocean from east to west.

The Northern Current comes from the coast of Spain and crosses the ocean in about 15 degrees north latitude, passing through the Windward Islands north of Martinique.

The South Equatorial Current comes from Africa and flows westward just south of the equator until it reaches the coast of Brazil. Here it divides, one part going south to the River Plate, the other traveling northward, picking up the warm waters that flow from the Amazon and the Orinoco and turning westward just north of the Island of Trinidad where it joins forces with the Northern Equatorial current for the grand rush through the Yucatan Chan-

nel. Here it attains a velocity of from 1 to 3 knots.

The Yucatan Channel which divides Cuba from Yucatan, Mexico, is about one hundred miles wide and has a depth of 1200 fathoms.

The first obstacle the stream encounters is the so-called Sigsbee Deep in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. Here the water is 2000 fathoms deep and being dense and cold it turns the current toward the Mexican coast. When it encounters the 100 fathom curve of the shore line, it circles first northward and then eastward toward the Straits of Florida.

The Straits of Florida are but little over ninety miles wide and have a depth of but 350 fathoms. Here the congestion of the waters forces the stream along at an increasing pace carrying with it great quantities of gulf-weed brought from the islands of the Carribean.

The maximum speed of the Gulf Stream is nearly 4 knots.

Turning northward it receives a fresh impetus by plunging into deep water over the natural dam of Fowey Rocks at the northern end of the Florida Reef.

There is a counter-current in shore which causes much silting and the shifting of the beaches along the gulf coast and also along the east coast of Florida.

Off Cape Carnaveral the stream is forty miles off shore and thirty miles wide. The Gulf Stream follows the 100 fathom contour line of the coast until it reaches Cape Hatteras, where meeting the so-called Cold Wall or Labrador Current it turns almost due east.

As it passes New York it is about one hundred and twenty miles off shore, more or less according to the prevalence of westerly or easterly gales.

The Gulf Stream retains its identity until it reaches a point two hundred miles south-southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland, where it divides into two currents.

The Northeast Current or Drift flows

toward the British Isles. The other half, the East Current, travels to the Bay of Biscay where it turns northward and, known as the Runnell Current, tempers the waters of the Channel Islands off the Coast of France.

Without the good influence of these two currents Great Britain and Scandinavia would be buried in snow and ice.



